

DELL

ZANE GREY'S

10¢

KING

of the ROYAL MOUNTED



THE MOUNTIES

THE ORIGINAL TROOP OF CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE NUMBERED ONLY 150 MEN! THEY WERE CALLED THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE AND WERE GIVEN THE ENORMOUS JOB OF PUTTING DOWN AN INDIAN AND FRENCH REBELLION IN WHAT IS NOW THE CANADIAN PROVINCE OF MANITOBA. THE EMPHASIS WAS STRICTLY MILITARY—THE MEN WERE NOT EXPECTED TO DETECT CRIME AND PUNISH IT; THEIR DUTY WAS TO PUT DOWN A REVOLT AGAINST A CIVIL GOVERNMENT. THE REVOLT TOOK PLACE IN 1873 AND THE MEN WHO FOUGHT AGAINST THE "MOUNTIES" WERE SEASONED WOODSMEN—FRENCH-CANADIAN TRAPPERS AND INDIANS, BUT THE MOUNTIES WERE SUCCESSFUL. THE REBELLION WAS QUELLED AND THE SIGNIFICANT PART PLAYED BY THE POLICE FORCE GAVE THE RED-COATED SOLDIER-POLICEMEN A PERMANENT PLACE IN FRONTIER LIFE.



WHEN THE FIRST TROOPS LEFT FOR THE FIELD, THEY WORE THE OLD STYLE "PAVE BOX" HAT BUT THE REST OF THEIR UNIFORM WAS MUCH THE SAME AS IT IS TODAY. THEN THEY USED .45 COLT REVOLVERS AND TODAY THEY USE SMITH AND WESSON .38'S. TODAY'S FORCE HAS TO TAKE CARE OF SAUVEGARDE, GAME LAW ENFORCEMENT AND ALL FORMS OF ORDINARY CIVILIAN CRIME BUT THE EARLY TRAINING ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER HELPED THEM TO ESTABLISH A SPIRIT THAT LIVES ON TODAY.

THEIR MOTTO "MAINTIENS LE DROIT"—MAINTAIN THE RIGHT, IS KNOWN AND RESPECTED THROUGHOUT CANADA.

ZANE GREY'S
KING OF THE ROYAL
MOUNTED
in THE DEADLY CANYON





AT THE SAME MOMENT, IN FAR-OFF HUDSON HEIGHTS, REPORT GRANDALL LUMPS INTO A MUDDY ALLEY BEHIND THE ONE HOTEL.













THERE'S A MOUNTAIN'S RED JACKET BELOW... AND TWO FIGURES WITH HIM! THE Y'RE KID AND JULIA-- OR I MISS MY GUESS!



KIND! THANK HEAVEN YOU CAME--

...EVEN IF THE PLANE COULDN'T LAND!

HELLO--!



HAVE YOU HAD ANY FURTHER WORDS OF--

SAD? YES-- HE'S ALIVE! BUT, OH, KING--

HE'S BEEN WOUNDED-- ALMOST TO DEATH!



DOCTOR CRANDALL IS AT THE HOME OF THE LOCAL DOCTOR, SERGEANT! WE'LL TAKE YOU THERE-- BUT FIRST THERE IS SOMETHING IN OUR SAFE THAT YOU SHOULD SEE

VERY WELL, CORPORAL!



THE METAL MATCHCASE WAS PASSED BY DOCTOR CRANDALL TO ME, JUST BEFORE CRANDALL WAS SEEN-- BY THE PIPE'S NAME, PRESUMABLY.

"THE PIPE" WHO IS HE, CORPORAL?

A WHITE RENEGADE, SCHILISKINLY CLEVER, WHO HAS MOST OF THE INDIANS AND "BREEDS" AROUND HERE TERRIFIED-- OR COMPLETELY UNDER HIS THUMB!



WE HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN IT-- WAITING FOR YOU TO COME, SERGEANT! CRANDALL'S UNCONSCIOUS, SO WE COULDN'T ASK HIM ABOUT IT!

HEMM! TWO SMALL LAMPS OF ONE, AND A NOTE!













AT FORT ST. JOHN A BOAT IS SOON FOUND TO TAKE THE DESPERATELY INJURED CRANDALL DOWNRIVER...





IF HAPPENED TWO HOURS AGO, SERGEANT KING? THREE STRANGE MEN CAME IN HERE—TWO ENGAGED MY ATTENTION, AND THE OTHER CHARGED ME ON THE HEAD FROM BEHIND!

UMMMM! LOOKING FOR CRANDALL'S MAP AND SAMPLES, PROBABLY!



THEY'D COME RUNNING, JUST AS I BEGAN TO GET MY HITS BACK HE SAID THE SAME MEN HAD SEARCHED HIS ROOM, AND KIDNAPPED MISS CRANDALL!

THEY LEFT THIS NOTE, KING! READ IT!



"TO THE POLICE! LEAVE MAP OF PITON-BLENDE LOCATION IN AN EMPTY BOAT ABOVE ROCKY CANYON, AT NIGHT, DURING THE NEXT TWO WEEKS. THEN KEEP AWAY FROM LOCATION FOR SIX MONTHS—OR JULIA CRANDALL WILL NEVER BE SEEN AGAIN. SIGNED, THE PIPE"



BURRHEAD—WHAT, IN YOUR OPINION, ARE THE CHANCES OF TRACKING THE KIDNAPERS?

NOT ONE IN A MILLION, SERGEANT! IF IT WERE WINTER, WITH SNOW—THAT WOULD BE DIFFERENT!



THEN WE'LL HAVE TO OUT-GUESS THE PIPE—LOCATE SOMEHOW THE HIDE-OUT WHERE HE HAS CERTAINLY TAKEN JULIA CRANDALL—AND SURPRISE HIM—AND BURRHEAD

—WELL, HE'S ALREADY GONE AWAY WITH HER, KING!



I DON'T BELIEVE THAT THE PIPE WOULD KEEP HER ALIVE FOR FURTHER BARGAINING—GET HER TO WRITE PLEASE TO HER FATHER, AND SO FORTH! WE STILL HAVE TIME, I THINK!

IT'S ALMOST AS BAD—TO KNOW SHE'S IN THE HANDS OF THAT BARD!





"WHERE ARE
WE HEADED,
KID?"

NEXT MORNING, ON HINDO HORSES, KID AND
SERGEANT BURNBY START UPRIIVER. WATCHED
BY THE PIPE'S SPIES?



CONSTABLE BURNBY TELLS ME THERE
ARE MANY ABANDONED BOATS NEAR THE
HEAD OF ROCKY CANYON---LEFT
THERE DURING THE LAST HALF-
CENTURY

"WHA-A-AY?"
YOU DON'T
MEAN THAT YOU
ARE GOING TO
LEAVE A MAP FOR THE
PIPE IN ONE OF THEM?



NOT SO LONG, KID! THE BUSH HAS EARS---
FOR THE PIPE---HEREABOUTS! NO---I'M
NOT LEAVING ANY MAP OR MESSAGE,
THOUGH WE'LL LET HIS SPIES *feel* us so.



THE ROAR OF THE RAPIDS---
IT'S HARD TO TALK ABOVE
IT, KID?

YES---THE CANYON'S
RIGHT BELOW THIS
RIDGE?



KID! IT'S---
TERRIFIC!

TWELVE MILES OF IT! YOU
CAN SEE WHY NO BOAT HAS
GONE THROUGH IN ONE PIECE!





HERE ARE PADDLES--- ALMOST NEW--- BUT A
PIECE OF DRIFTWOOD MUST HAVE STOVE IN THE
BOAT'S SIDE! I WON'T TAKE THEM NOW---
OR THAT SPY MIGHT GET IDEAS.



KID'S COOKING SMELLS GOOD!
WHY-EE? DON'T IT GUY, KID?



TONIGHT THE RESCUAT WILL COME AND
LEAVE THE MESSAGE IN THE BOAT---AS
THE PIPE TOLD HIM TO! I WILL PICK IT
UP AND THE PIPE WILL BE PLEASED.



I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE
STARTING AT DAWN, KID?
I HAD THE THOUGHT
OF IT---

NOT AT DAWN, BUT TONIGHT
KID--- WHEN THE PIPE'S
OUT AND THE PIPE'S SPY
CAN'T INTERFERE!



AT FIRST I
BUT THAT'S
CRAZY!
YOU'LL
NEVER FIND---

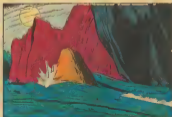
YOU'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING, KID!
GRANDALL'S NOTE SAID THAT THE PIPE'S
HIDE-OUT IS LIGHTED AT NIGHT--- BY
NATURAL GAS THAT SEEPS THROUGH A
PISSURE IN THE ROCK THAT WILL BURN ME.



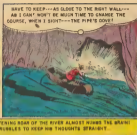
THREE HOURS LATER
SO LONG, KID! STAY WHERE YOU
ARE--- AND EXPECT ME BACK
HERE INSIDE OF TWENTY-FOUR
HOURS---WITH JULIA!

"I'LL
PRAY
FOR IT,
KID!"
SO
LONG!"





AS THE TINY DUGOUT ENTERS ROCKY CANYON, A SILVER MOON PEEKS DOWN THROUGH THE CLOUDS!





KING'S QUICK GLANCE ABOUT THE ROOM SHOWS ONLY TWO OCCUPANTS.









AS HE WHIRLS, CHARLEY RED RUCK PULLS KING OFF BALANCE! THE BULLET PLUMS INTO THE WALL...



SUDDENLY, MOE'S ARMS WRAP AROUND KING'S LEGS, PULLING HIM DOWN.



5 STILL UNWILLING TO SHOOT, KING LANDS A SOLID FIST..



LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE SMALL HAND OF THE PIPE SLIPS THROUGH ONE STEEL "BRACELET"













THE MOUNTAIN WIND,
WOOL! PUSH!

SLOWLY, A PIERCED STONE DOOR SWINGS OPEN,
LETTING IN A BREATH OF OUTER AIR, AND FAINT
DARKLIGHT. .



WE'RE NOT! OIL RIGS,
I FELT TRAPPED INSIDE
THAT MOUNTAIN AIR---

WE WERE---
ALMOST!



AND NOW I'LL TAKE ANOTHER
SMALL PRECAUTION --- COVER
THE PIPE, JULIA!



WHAT'S ALL THIS
NONSENSE?

JUST IN CASE YOUR SPY, WHO'S
WATCHING MY CAMP, SHOULD BE
TEMPTED TO SHOOT A MOUNTIE!



LEAD THE WAY TO THE
ABANDONED BOATS, PIPE---
AND DON'T LET THE PIPE!
I CAN DRAW AND SHOOT BEFORE
YOU'VE GONE SIX FEET!



CALL TO HIM, NOW,
JULIA! THE CAMP
IS NEAR BY---



BUT THE PIPE HAS MADE HIS CHOICE. AND NOW
THERE IS NOTHING BACK—FROM THE
WAY—FROM OF RORY GARDON!



KID—DO YOU THINK HE
HAS A CHANCE—to LAND
AT HIS HIDE-OUT?

WITHOUT A GRAPNEL TO
CATCH THE ROCK? NO,
NOT A CHANCE IN THE
WORLD!



WHEE! HEE! WHOOPEE!
YOU'RE REALLY BACK
SAFE!

—AND
SAFE!



MY BULLET ONLY GRAZED
HIS HEAD, THANK GOODNESS! I'VE
STILL GOT THREE PRISONERS TO
TURN IN—AND AS FOR THE PIPE,
I'M SATISFIED TO WRITE OFF
HIS CASE AS CLOSED!



I STILL CAN HARDLY BELIEVE
IT MYSELF, KID—THAT THE
LAST FEW HOURS HAVE BEEN
REAL!

I'LL TAKE A
LOOK AT THE BUSH-
WHACKER I DOWNED

